Flying

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/823289.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Characters:	Will Graham, Elliot Budish
Additional Tags:	Canon-Typical Violence, Canon Compliant
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of 100 Word Prompts
Stats:	Published: 2013-05-30 Words: 603 Chapters: 1/1

Flying

by black_dranzer_1119

Summary

A week after they find Elliot's final 'angel', Will has a dream.

Notes

I have been wanting to write this one for a while now, so I hope everyone likes it. I have also been working on a couple of other prompts, both containing fantasy and varying degrees of au. They are both being a bit tricky, so it may be a little while longer before I post either.

A week after the discovery of Elliot Budish's body, Will has a dream.

In that dream he is standing in a church.

It is a beautiful old church with a high ceiling and large mural windows.

Each window is shining with light, except rather than sun light, they seeming to be shining with a light of their own.

The church is perfectly quiet, except for the echoing sounds of his footsteps on stone.

He walks up the rows of pews to reach the front.

Elliot Budish is now standing there, though Will didn't think he had been there before that moment.

He is smiling and dressed in the same clothes Will remembers seeing a religious figure wear in a movie.

Will had been really tired at the time and so he couldn't exactly remember what the character had been or even the movie.

That didn't seem important though, so instead Will kneels and bows his head.

As he looks down, he can see that he robed in white cloth and his feet are bare.

The ground is cool beneath his feet and the carpet thread bare.

For a moment he thinks he can hear Elliot pray, though he can't hear the words.

He had never heard Elliot speak after all.

Then there are footsteps and Will can hear his own voice come out of Elliot's mouth.

' I can give you the majesty of your becoming.'

Will looks up at Elliot's face, so kind and serene and he feels tears coming to his eyes.

'This is not who you are.'

Who am I?

'I see what you are.'

What am I?

'This is my gift to you.'

Out of his robes, Elliot pulls out a dagger with handle made of gold and diamonds and a blade made of blood.

As if on cue, Will bows forward, his arms stretched out before him to rest on either side of Elliot's feet.

Will does not feel the blade sink into his back.

It does not hurt, though it does feel strange when Elliot's hands push inside.

The hands are now reaching, pulling something from deep inside him.

When Elliot finally removes them, he seems to be taking far more than just his hands.

Will turns his head to the side, but at first he cannot see what Elliot is taking from him.

Then, one by one, Elliot pulls out a pair of huge, white feathered wings drenched in blood.

'This is my gift to you.'

Elliot takes his hands then and helps Will to stand.

Behind Elliot are a pair wings too, only they aren't just white, but also have a cascade of gold and silver, meshing seamlessly.

With wings this huge and new, Will knows he should feel unbalanced, but he doesn't.

Rather than a weight being added, Will feels a weight being lost.

Elliot's hands are tugging now, pulling him towards the door.

The huge wooden doors are both open and sunlight is streaming in so bright Will cannot see the world outside.

Elliot keeps tugging, with both hands now.

Will can feel his urgency, his desire to return to the skies and it is met with his own.

Elliot is now floating in front of him, his wings keeping him adrift as they make it the final distance out of the church.

Then Will is in the air and he is flying high up into the sky, Elliot by his side.

'This is my gift to you.'

Will doesn't tell Hannibal his dream when he has his session the next day, though it does remind him to get a lock for his windows.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!